

PRICE ONE CENT.

AMERICAN ENVY INJURED.
MEXICO CITY, Aug. 28.—David E. Thompson, American Ambassador to Mexico, was run down by a bicyclist in the center of the city today, and suffered a severe bruise on the forehead and contusions of the face. An ambulance was called, but the man who had suffered any other injuries. His condition was not considered to be serious.

**Begin This
Great Series**

She Was 35 Years Old.
The girl's description follows:
About thirty-five years of age.
Five feet three inches in height.
Weight of dark-brown hair.

The old country at the convention.
The convention, 3-5 open in Yassou Hall, following the welcome of the State and city to be rendered by the Governor and the Mayor.

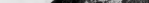
Library for the Democratic nomination for Senator in the Second Suffolk District, which includes Wards 1, 2, 3 of Cambridge, Wards 3, 4, 5 of Charlestown and Ward 2 of East Boston.

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MASKS (In Next

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NCH Sunday's American

Artist Earle and "Affinity Wife" Who Charges Him With Beating Her







tween Mrs. Earle and her brothers, her aunt, Mrs. Barry; Justice of Peace Gilbert say. I do not care to be admitted to be I will go to the lockup."

The Soda Crackers of National-Biscuit-Goodness

**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**

THE BOSTON AMERICAN

50 AND 52 SUMNER ST., BOSTON, AUGUST 26, 1908

Hasty

Miss Ferguson

She May Go Farther and
Fare Worse

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This letter to the editor is unusual:

"Dear Editor:

"Will you be kind enough to give me your opinion (in the form of an editorial) as to whether a man who gets in some dispute with his employer and quits him for good, and

then, after 'knocking around,' comes back to his former employer and asks, or, rather, begs, to be taken back, and succeeds in doing so (perhaps through sympathy), is a man who has any red blood flowing through his veins? Does that not plainly show that he couldn't earn his living anywhere else, that he is a coward and not worthy of respect? Would it not have been far better for him to have accepted a position elsewhere, even for less money, than to come back to his employer with a bowed head and say, 'Please give me a job?'

"I was engaged to be married to a man of this type, and have broken the engagement, as I believe that he is not a REAL man, and that he should be wearing dresses instead of pants.

"Thanking you for your reply, which I hope to see soon, I am, very truly yours,
"MISS KATHLEEN E. FERGUSON."

Miss Ferguson, you ask whether the gentleman you speak of "is a man who has any red blood flowing through his veins."

We are inclined to think that he IS. It takes a strong man to admit a mistake. Ninety-nine fools, having acted as your young man acted, would probably have staked everything on their own vanity and stuck to foolish pride and obstinacy. The hundredth man, more wise, would think it over and put himself right.

When two men quarrel, either one of them may be in the right. If your young man's employer was in the right—and that is not impossible—your young man showed his good sense and courage in admitting his mistake and apologizing for it.

Remember, young lady, that obstinacy is a very cheap thing. You would have been proud of the man you now despise if he had remained fide, with his nose in the air, bragging about his strength of character. He would simply be showing the obstinacy of the average little pig on its way to market.

A good text for you to remember is—

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi., 32.

Miss Ferguson, assuming that your young man was absolutely right in that quarrel with his employer, it might perhaps have been better for him to work elsewhere, as you suggest, for less money. But suppose he could not GET work elsewhere. Do you think it would be better for you to be married to a man that would prefer idleness and a little foolish pride to steady work?

If you should walk along the street and select almost any dissipated young man standing in front of a saloon you would find a gentleman with enough red blood and also enough brown whiskey in his veins to keep him idle and full of pride indefinitely.

But if you should marry that young man, while HE might remain proud, it would probably be necessary for you to swallow a good deal of your pride before the end of your married career, and you might be the one to go out and look for work and humble yourself.

This world is a pretty difficult place for the majority. It is not easy to fight against the results of dishonesty on a big scale and meanness on a small scale.

If your young man treated YOU well, with kindness and consideration, it would be well for you to let him be the judge as to his treatment of his employer.

On general principles, we should say that he is probably a good man for you to marry. For evidently you have much pride and high spirit, and if he is lacking in those superior qualities, the next generation will represent the AVERAGE, and that, as you doubtless know, is what nature requires and strives for.

Cultured England

By James J. Montague

England is a centre of culture and resents the all pervading presence of American boudiers.—Watson Selva, Oxford professor, in a Chautauqua speech.

IN England, where all taste is good and culture thrills the air.

Where London Yankee always gets a hard and lengthy stare.

The highly polished people of the average full-grown male is looking at the suffragettes or dragging 'em to jail.

And 'round the fashionable clubs, where Britons drink and smoke,

The looking of a woman seems a most delightful joke.

IN England, where nobility is born to sneer and loaf,

A man who's caught possessing Britain is held in dishonour's snare!

A lord who had to think would be in one most awful funk,

Serve for his fine accomplishment of getting jolly drunk.

With scots refined on womanhood, with jets on home and wife,

Your cultivated Briton leads a rarely genteel life!

IN England, where vulgarity is wholly 'neath the ban,

Americans are frowned upon by every Englishman.

Nerve some few thousand baronet and duke and lord and earl

Who beg along the boulevard for the hands of Yankee girls.

Who pocket all their laughlines, as poor Cornwallis did,

And swap their age-old family names for anything that's bid!

IN England, where good form and taste are quite the ruling traits,

They're careful of the character of their associates.

George Washington was not a man they ever cared to meet,

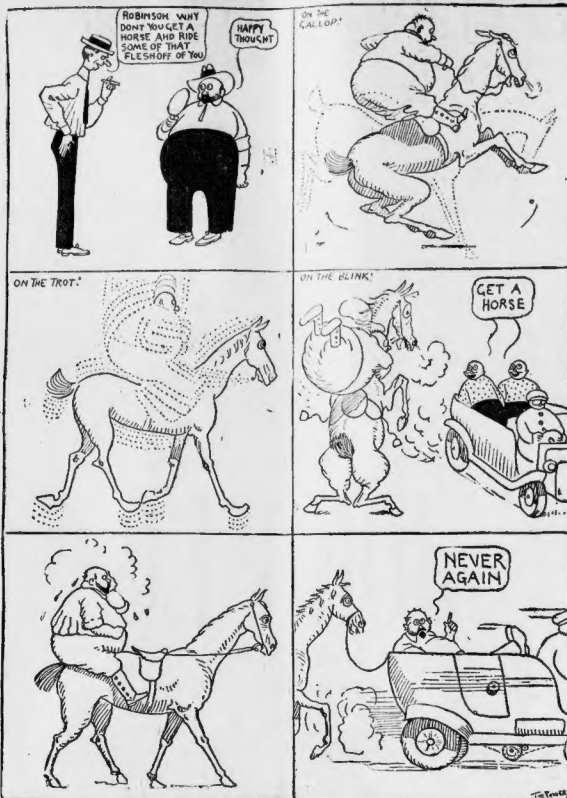
And they refrained from any wish to know Paul Jones's fleet;

And "boudiers" is the pleasant name they called our athletes, who

Don't bound, gallop, or jump and run, and swim and hurdle, too.

NEVER AGAIN!

By T. E. Powers



A Little Story for
Working Girls

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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TWO young girls sat in a picturesque spot at Yellowstone Park one day something like ten years ago and exchanged confidences.

They had known each other two days, but they were the only girls at the hotel, and they had formed one of those sudden friendships common to the age and sex.

One was chaperoned on the tour by her mother, a Western woman of culture and education, living a simple life in a happy home.

The other was accompanied by her mother and stepfather, who were well known millionaires, prominent in New York and Newport.

As the girls chatted, the mother of the young heiress approached and called to her daughter in a harsh, peremptory voice to come and prepare for dinner.

After the mother had turned away the girl said: "You probably think I am to be envied because I have millions of dollars coming to me when I am of age, but I am the most miserable girl that ever lived."

Life's Best Gift

"MY mother treats me harshly, and often uses abusive language. I loved my father, but she divorced him, and it is unavailing I should see him. My home has always been a wretched one. I envy you your kind, good mother."

Since that event the young millionaire has made a so-called "brilliant marriage," and has separated from her husband.

An unhappy home seems to have been her inheritance because she missed that best gift of life—a good loving mother.

This little story is related for the benefit of many poor girls, working for a living, who imagine that millions mean Paradise for their possessors.

It is doubtful if in the whole army of working girls in our land any one taller has experienced less happiness in her home, as a girl or as a mother, than this daughter of a multi-millionaire.

I remember seeing the mother of the girl years before she divorced her first husband, and wondering at the hard lines and the fretful expression of her face.

Every look betrayed discontent and the lack of control. One could have believed her capable of using abusive language when in a temper.

What can millions of money do to give happiness to such a woman or to the unfortunate beings compelled to live under the same roof with her?

The daughter was urged into an ambitious marriage, where love played a small role. The man sought money, and the girl sought a title to please her mother and perhaps to escape from her, and more unhappiness and discontent followed.

Freedom a Blessing

No poor girl who holds the right to choose her own mate in marriage need envy such a daughter of wealth.

No girl who knows what it is to be loved and appreciated in her childhood needs need with she could change places with her.

The most unhappy face I ever saw belonged to a woman who had all her life lived in luxury, with millions at her command.

There is no pleasure in any material possessions unless it has the background of love.

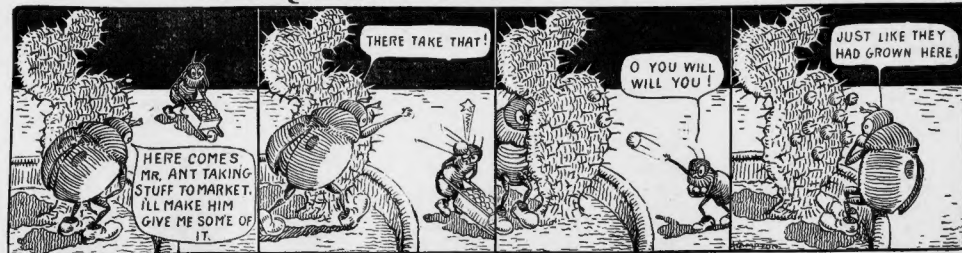
The girl who has a home where she is tenderly treated, and parents who appreciate her, and work which occupies her days, is a thousand times more to be envied than the idle and discontented daughter of an irritable and ill-tempered millionaire.

Thank God every hour for your independence, your work and your right to marry or not marry as your heart dictates.

Such independence is the best wealth to possess.

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FOXY QUILLER BUG'S LITTLE PLOT



RHYMO THE MONK TAKES EXERCISE

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